

THE TRIBUNE.

VOL. I.—NO. 11.

BEAUFORT, S. C., FEBRUARY 3, 1875.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Come To Me!

Come to me!
Come to me in thy brightness and sweetness,
Come to me in thy spirit's completeness,
Come on the wings of love's magical fleetness,
My heart longs for thee

Come to me!
Come when my feelings are solemn and prayer-
ful,
Come when my heart is weary and careful,
Come when my eyes with sadness are tearful,
My soul yearns for thee.

Come to me!
Come when the morning in brightness emerges,
Come when the noontide with ardency urges,
Come when the night-billow solemnly surges,
My being calls for thee.

Come to me!
Oh, haste in thy coming—oh, darling one,
quicken,
Oh, come to this breast with care sadly stricken,
I wait for thy coming—I languish and sicken
For sore need of thee.

Come to me!
Though time divide, though distance discever,
Soul may meet soul in loving endeavor;
Come to me, come to me, now and forever—
I'm waiting for thee.

Come to me!
Let me but feel thy true arms around me,
My soul shall know peace that seldom hath
found me,
No peril shall chill, no sorrow shall wound me
Leaning on thee.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.

We had been out of court twenty-four hours, and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least, we eleven thought so. A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed; and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unflinching certainty.

The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet, on every vote, went steadily for acquittal. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence; for, while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression. He might be one of those who entertained scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But no, it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brutes they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is, in many cases, the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness; and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting.

"And yet," the man answered, as though communing with himself, rather than repelling the imputation, "it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment."

"How can that be?" queried several at once.

"Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment."

"But here she can know no other guide."

"I once would have said the same."

"And what has changed your opinion?"

"Experience!"

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give. Mastering his emotion, as if in answer to our looks of inquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago, I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter hopes. An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal plighting of troth; but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was a thing understood, that when I had found it and put it in order, she was to share it. Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by nature, depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and hope is an ever-cheerful companion. At length the time came for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. It would henceforward be my own; and in a few more months, my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

"At the land-office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend, C—. He, too, had come to seek a

fortune in the West; and we were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle. I expressed a strong desire to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles, when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public land sale on the following day. Exact- ing a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and giving minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return, when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and his horse for the night. I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land-office—a place, at that time, much frequented. Offering him a seat, I went to see his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim starlight, seemed to have been hardly used. His panting sides bore witness of merciless riding; and a tremulous shrinking, at the slightest touch, betokened recent fright. On re-entering the house, I found the stranger was not there. His absence excited no surprise; he would doubtless soon return. It was a little singular, however, that he should have left his watch lying on the table.

"At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give personal attention to the wants of his horse. Before going out, from mere force of habit—for we were as yet uninitiated by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables. I found the horse as I had left him, and gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat; but his master was nowhere to be seen. As I approached the house, a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded, in no gentle tones, to 'stand!' In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their 'prisoner.'

"I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came—it was terrible! My friend, with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder. A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other, I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light. What I said, I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligent statement, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

"The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least, in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character. But whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.

"As the proofs of my guilt, one after another, came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance; and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty of my supposed offense on the spot. It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office; but he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of pride in the position. As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamorers drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them singly.

"At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied. The absence of the jury was very brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word; but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression. As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it; and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy upon me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the hollowest of hollow mockeries. It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death; it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over,

acquiesces in his doom, and gives himself to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God. I had gradually overcome this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer.

"On the morning of the day fixed for my execution, I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as merely a momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicitous save that my memory should one day be vindicated. She for whom I had gone to prepare a home, had already found one in heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone, of all the world, believed me innocent; and she had died with a prayer upon her lips, that the truth might yet be brought to light. All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal, beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nerved myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death-warrant. He began to read it. My thought were busied elsewhere. The words 'full and free pardon' were the first to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was: I was pardoned for an offense I had never committed!

"The real culprit, none other, it is needless to say, than he who had sought and abused my hospitality, had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life. This is my experience. My judgment, as yours, in the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt; but not less confident and apparently unerring was the judgment that falsely pronounced my own."

We no longer importuned our fellow-juror, but patiently awaited our discharge, on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.

The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, and at the last moment confessed his crime on the scaffold.

The Other Daughter.

During the war of the Revolution, while the British occupied the city of New York, an English officer of rank gave an entertainment to which several American officers, who were prisoners, were invited. Among them was Colonel John Lowry, of Concord, a man eminently distinguished for his bravery, and for his many good qualities of head and heart, but unsmooth in speech, unrefined in manners, and not at all versed in the polished ways of society. He had been a sailor in other years, and the stamp of the sea was still upon him. The English officer who was host of the festive occasion had two grown-up daughters—one of them distinguished for her exceeding and faultless beauty, while the other was not only quite plain, but had a glaring defect in one of her eyes.

After the removal of the cloth many sentiments were drank, and among them several highly complimentary to the beautiful daughter of "Our Host." Col. Lowry, with that chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which is characteristic of truly brave men, feeling that the other daughter had been sadly neglected, when called upon by the host, gave as his sentiment—

"Your daughter, sir."
"Which one?" asked the parent.
"The one with the cock-billed eye, sir!"

Well-meaning and gallant, but very plain-spoken.

Taking Account of Stock.

The New York Times, referring to the fact that merchants are now busy taking stock to discover their assets, and balance their books for the year, remarks: "The probability is that the stock-accounting this January will show a great decrease in the amount of goods on hand in the city. In the country, too, stocks are generally light. This reduction of stocks throughout the country, the stoppage or diminished working time of the manufactories, and the disposal of the stocks in the hands of New York merchants, have brought the market into a healthful condition, and prepared it for rapid improvement in all its branches when renewed activity springs up. This is a view of the situation that the business man has the best of ground for taking, and from which he can gather justifiable hope for the future, even though his balance sheet for the year 1874 does not show that large sum of profit which it had displayed on previous Januaries.

MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.

How They Appeared to an Editor—The Prospects Ahead.

There are indications that some of our largest manufacturing interests begin to feel the relief of getting down to hard-pan, says the Springfield Republican. There is great difficulty in securing a continuation of the agreements to curtail production. Those industries, particularly, which have reduced wages begin to feel themselves in accord with the reduced scale of profits and production. The paper manufacture is no longer carried on at a dead loss, at least, and the cotton mills are generally resuming full time, with reductions in wages. The market for cotton goods has been relieved of the surplus and, in general, the textile markets are not overstocked with manufactures. During the year, raw cotton has fallen 11½ per cent. in price, and the manufactured article quite as much; brown shirting, for instance, 12½ per cent., prints five or six per cent., and denims 12½. Both the manufacturing and the trading interest have weathered the double embarrassment of a dull year and a great cotton crop successfully. Nevertheless, it is not to our credit that foreign nations should still be able to supply us with \$23,239,000 worth of cotton goods, as they have the past year, through the port of New York alone. This is a reduction of \$5,400,000 from the importation of the same class of goods two years ago. Again, our exportation of cotton goods is nothing to what it may become under fair financial conditions. All told, it amounts to only \$3,000,000, and a very small share of this goes to the rest of America. We buy \$80,000,000 worth of sugar and tropical products from Cuba, for instance, and sell her only \$63,000 worth of cottons. Now, it is evident that every breech-clout and shirt in the American tropics ought to come off from our looms.

Improvement in manufacture is most discernible in wooleens, although the woolen manufacturers claim to be more depressed than the cotton. American dress goods and cloths are gradually superseding the foreign. American silks, too, are received with increasing favor. The importation of silks at New York for the past two years has fallen off one-fourth in value, and not, we suspect, in amount, as the reduction in the price of silks must have sustained the total consumption, if not increased it: It is singular injustice, by the way, that this most serviceable of all fabrics should be habitually denominated as "gew-gaws."

One of the most striking features of American manufactures at this moment is the rapidity of their western development. The prosperity of the West during the past year has greatly aided that development. The Chicago Tribune claims that nearly the entire bulk of the ready-made clothing sold in that city, amounting for the past year to \$12,000,000 wholesale, is made up in that city and employs from 3,000 to 5,000 hands. The Chicago makers conform the character of the clothing to the climate of the consumer, whether it be Michigan or Texas, while eastern makers attempt to strike an average, they say. The first western felt-hat factory has just been opened at Chicago. Nearly all the men's heavy wear of boots and shoes sold in Chicago are now manufactured there. This business has grown fully one-third in the past year, and competition with the East has been greatly aided by a reduction of 15 per cent. in wages. The reputation of St. Joseph-made boots is not second on the plains to those from any quarter. The boot and shoe manufacture is likely to tend westward, where the hides are and where the leather will ultimately be tanned. A great cluster of iron industries has gathered at Chicago, which have produced, this past year, \$29,727,000 worth of goods, against \$32,100,000 in 1873, the reduction being in the price rather than in the quantity of the goods manufactured. Farm implements and wagons show a great increase, but carriages, which are of the nature of luxuries, are falling off; 15,000 reapers have been made, an increase of one-third, which is attributed to the English demand for American machines to take the place of the striking agricultural laborers. This is a curious controversy of private interests, that the English farm-hand, striking for higher wages and threatening to immigrate to America, should be beaten out of his position by American reapers and other products of Yankee ingenuity. We shall finally corner poor Hodge, and make him immigrate to us or starve. This theory has some confirmation in the returns of the bureau of statistics, which show that of the \$3,310,000 worth of agricultural implements sent abroad, last year, \$371,000 went to England; \$1,353,000 also went to Germany, doubtless displacing some of the countless German immigrants to this country.

The wide geographical distribution of the few manufactured goods which we export indicates that the whole world is open to us, when we have reformed our currency and moderated and simplified our tariff, so that it will not defeat its own object. To give a few additional instances: 1'083 railroad cars went abroad,

last year, averaging about \$1,500 each in value, some of them going to England and Germany, many of them to the Dominion, and 286 to Chili; of the \$17,700,000 of iron and steel goods, England took \$1,250,000, two-thirds of which was steel, while Germany took about the same amount, two-thirds iron, and nearly every country in the world took some; \$1,500,000 worth of sewing machines is not included in the above, half of which went to England and Germany. We believe that without any legislation to foster special interests, but simply by our return to a sound currency, healthy industrial conditions and honest administration, we shall be able to extend the sphere of our international trade vastly.

On the other hand, England is now in the depths of a coal and iron depression quite as great as that in America. Men are left out of employment by the hundred, though in some cases, by returning to ten hours a day and submitting to great reductions in wages, works are kept open. At Sheffield this state of affairs is attributed to continental competition and the introduction of machinery, as well as to the failure of the American market. The hammer-men, for instance, employed in the manufacture of iron rails, have been dispensed with by the introduction of machinery. The labor straits in South Wales and the north of England were not exaggerated by us in anticipating them, the other day, and at last accounts there was little prospect of a settlement.

Taking a Cold.

This is the season for taking cold—first a few snapping cold days, then a long spell of damp, foggy weather, so mild that winter garments feel oppressive, and yet one does not dare to take them off. When some unfortunate sits with throbbing brow, stuffed head, sore throat, and a vexatious little cough, when alternate chills and fever fits run over his whole body, and he feels "most miserable," if anything in the world can interest him, it is the flood of remedies suggested by sympathizing friends, or the "certain cure for colds" which meets the eye in almost every newspaper of the day. Pages would not be sufficient even to give a brief-mention of all these remedies—allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic—for a "cold" is one of the most common as well as one of the most uncomfortable of the ills to which flesh is heir. Not long ago we read somewhere an article on "How to avoid taking cold"—a practical point which everybody would like to understand for his own personal comfort. The general idea advanced was that when the body is at its prime, with youth, vigor, purity of blood, and a good constitution on its side, no ordinary exposure will cause any unpleasant effects; indeed, ordinary precautions against colds may be disregarded without danger. But when the blood is impure, the body disordered, and the vigor of life begins to wane, then colds will be developed often upon the slightest provocation and without any known exposure. It frequently seems as though no degree of care will prevent a person with a feeble constitution from "taking cold," as it is termed. To be secure from this evil the vital processes must be strong and in healthy action. Consequently the best way to avoid taking cold is to build up a good constitution by obeying all the laws of health. Those who are permanently and incurably weak and feeble must doubtless submit to their fate. They must carefully guard against exposures—and even then will doubtless be afflicted with "colds."

A Swiss Washerwoman.

To a smoke-stained Londoner the exquisite purity of the homespun Swiss linen is a constant wonder and reproach. And yet scarcely a wonder, if he chance to sit by the lake side, say at Brienz, on a sunny morning, and watch the proceedings of the little Swiss maiden in straw hat and black velvet bodice with the silver chains, who is plying her occupation of laundress. She had paddled her boat far out into the lake and is letting it drift with the current. In the boat beside her is a pile of freshly-washed linen, glistening like snow in the sunlight. But its whiteness does not content her. As the boat moves along, she throws into the lake and trailed slowly through the blue water, blue as ever painted. Still she is not quite satisfied. She takes perhaps three or four handkerchiefs in her hand at a time, and literally throws them overboard in such a manner that the spectator on the bank cannot but breathe a fervent hope that they may not be his own property. But before he has time to frame his wishes into words she has caught them again with a dexterous sort of *legerdemain*, and the process is repeated again and again. And all the while the black velvet-bodiced maiden, with the glittering silver chains and pins, shovy sleeves and round, white arms, if she be a true Brienz maiden, is singing like a very nightingale.